STRANGE PUNISHMENT

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

[Copyrighted] HE neighbors all looked upon it as a very happy marriage. A year had passed since Frank Amory came with his delicate, golden-haired wite to live in the little chalet-like cottage just at the foot of the hill. Adela Amory had been the daughter of a New York clergyman, and some of her recent associates here in Dsaid of her that she was quite too prim and puritanic to suit their taste at all.

But here they were indeed wrong. Adela was merely shy and reserved. "I sometimes think," her husband would say to her, "that you are never just your real seif

except when you're with me." Then Adela's bine eyes would kindle, and perhaps she would remain meaningly silent perhaps she would gently answer: "So long as that is true, Frank, I've no reason for com-

Still it nettled Frank a little to think that people should imagine his wife dull and uncompanionable. He was himself the soul of vivacity and liveliness, a young, athletic fellow with a short, dark curling beard, eyes that were black stars and a smile that could somehow warm your heart before you heard his voice. He used to say of himself that he was by instinct a loafer, but by profession a Wali street stockbroker, though it was reported of him that his proceedings among the purlious of hazard implied anything rather than laziness. During the first few months after their marriage they had hved in New York, for though Frank's means were variable, they were still in no sense meager. But at the end of a summer's sojourn in D— Adela had begged her husband to stay on in their pretty cottage

throughout the winter. She had had her secret reasons for putting forward this plea, and Frank more than vaguely realized them. Certain things had happene during that town life of theirs which had bitten indelibly into poor Adela's memory. There had been evenings-there had also been a few midnights-when Frank had come home as he would not have cared to see himself could be have done so with a sober gaze. To Adela these episodes had been fraught with an almost delirious horror. In vain Frank had told her that what had happened to him happened to hundreds of other men. He might as well have tried to convince her that if a thunder bolt had plunged through the roof of their cozy little Lexington avenue house the catas tropne would have been only a trifle.

He dearly loved her, and at length made her a solemn yow that he would never touch wine again; for although days of perfect self-control would enter by protracted periods into his life, he would be sure sooner or later to cross that boundary which divides continence from excess. But even this promise, after awhile, lost its potency. One day, feeling rather jaded and ill, he took stimulant, "just as a medicine," and that which had now become the unusualness of the draught provoked sudden and strong craving for more. Adela suffered anguish once again, and Frank made no concealment of his bitter repentance.
At the same time he told his wife that com

plete abstinence would not, in his case, by any means prove possible. He had hosts of busi-ness friends and club friends who were forever tempting him; there were certain times, in fact, when for him to drink nothing would amount to an uncivil act; he had thought the whole matter carefully over, and there was only one thing for him to do.

Tremulously Adela asked him what that one

thing was. She had a thrilling dread lest he might be about to mention an asylum for inebriates. She remembered having heard that there are such melancholy and mysterious places in existence.

But Frank had meant nothing of this gloomy sort, "I'm convinced, Adela," he now de clared, "that I shall have to go on with my glass or two of claret at dinner and my one or two 'nightcaps' afterward, just as I did a few weeks ago. I've often heard, darling, that swearing off is the worst thing a man can do, I've often heard, darling, that and now I clearly understand why. So tomorrow or next day-as soon as I can get over this hateful, 'seedy' feeling-I'll recommence the old life. He did, and at first with signal success. But

one night, at a Delmonico dinner, he wholly lost his head, and thus it happened that Adel saw him still again in a state which it dealt her acutest torture to look upon. She conceived the idea that if they should

pass the winter at D — Frank would be more filled with a duteous domestic sense on the one hand and less visited on the other by those allurements which were constantly calling to



HE CALLED ON HIS NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR. him while in town. His friends would recollect that he "lived in the country" and so leave him out of their banquets and other merry makings.
All through those long and rather lonely
months Adela had no cause to regret her new plan. A certain train brought Frank up from New York every evening, and except for an occasional whist party at the house of one or two of the neighbors he would keep indoors from then until bed time. Last summer ho had not behaved half so well. The spacious hotel rose only about a quarter of a mile dis tant, and while that was open and in full flare of summer gayety he was dangerously foud o loitering about its huge piazzas, whence the journey to its bar room would mean but a few facile steps. More than once Adela had wept hot tears over what had happened in the careless company of Frank's hotel friends.

Now when another spring came around, mel lowing the garden beds and putting little tufts of feathery green on the willow tree at the gate. Adela began to have new visitations of dread. Everything had gone on so well through the winter. What if summer should change it all?

And then she tried to take comfort in th thought that her husband had shrunk and would still shrink for weeks yet from dealing her the slightest pain. Not that he ever really wanted to do so. Adela knew just how deeply he loved her and could not fail to see the poignancy of his remorse after each act of folly and weakness had laid resolution low and its insult upon his manhood. But as a certain very sweet and tender hope grew in both their wedded hearts it had surely flung about Frank's a spell of the kindliest considerstion, vigilance and chivalry. Adela's wistful face, with the new expectant look in its eyes, would have risen almost palpably to haunt him if while absent from her he had felt the least untoward impulse. And so moderation ruled all his ways, with never a single hint of trespass. If he had had troubles perhaps there might have been peril for him even now, at a time when his treasured wife had become still dearer to him with so mysterious and pathetic a potency, for his nature was one that might seek relief from care in the fevers of drink. At present, however, his affairs were buoyantly prosperous. The stock market, that electric repository of tempest and earthquake, had been for weeks delightfully quiescent, while at the same time far from any state of exasperating duliness. Frank felt that he had nothing whatever to worry about and (as he thought of Adela and the subtle, fascinating change in her) a great deal to pleasprably anticipate.

CHAPTER II.

During the early days of May, however, a little cloud of annoyance revealed itself. At first it was a very small cloud indeed, though gradually it assumed much larger proportions. Directly next door to the Amorys dwelt an once or twice she was on the verge of flying after him to the gate, but something restrained her. It was not pique, for of that she was incapable—at least toward him.

That evening was exquisite and she sat on the piazza until the heavens had become whitely thronged with stara. By degrees she grew more and more concerned about Frank. Nine o'clock changed into ten and yet he did

the Rothsay cows were left all day to graze, and more than once they broke through into rank's domain. The result, as usual in such cases, each time proved disastrous. Frank's mien of one about to strike. Frank stood deman remonstrated with one of Rothsay's numerous men, and several times the fence was repaired. But in so slovenly and haphazard a paired. But in so slovenly and haphazard a feltamethe haphaz way was this reparation performed that one particular little short-horned cow with a wicked lack eye found slight difficulty in committing fresh pranks of demolition. And at last Frank determined to see. Mr. Rothsay and settle the matter, if he could, both amicably and perma-

He called upon his next-door neighbor one norning before going into town. He had heard that Rothsay was given to occasional fits of intemperance and felt therefore not quite so surprised as he might otherwise have been to find him pacing the floor of a rather vulgarly furnished sitting room with blood shot eyes and a morose mouth. Still, whatever may have appened on the previous evening he was by no means in his cups now. But he chose to treat Frank very uncivilly about the fence. "I can't be expected to spend a small for-tune, Mr. Amory," he said, "for the purpose of protecting a few of your potatoes and cabbages. That fence has already been repaired three

"And very badly each time," said Frank. with a thread of ire in his voice. "Besides, if it had been repaired a hundred times, Mr. lothsay, and always insufficiently, that would by no means remove from me the right to make my complaint."

Rothsay shrugged his solid shoulders and scowled a little. "Oh, it wouldn't?" he muttered. "Making a complaint and having it listened to are not exactly the same.' "They're the same in a matter of this sort,

among gentlemen-always," returned Frank, feeling his nerves tingle as he spoke. "Poh," said his host, with a toss of his unkempt head, a sudden thrusting of both hands into his pockets; "it's the opinion of my man Peter that your man Matthew weakens his repairs at night just so that, sooner or later, I'll

have to put up a new fence."
"Your man Peter wouldn't dare say such a thing to me," cried Frank. "Matthew's as decent and honest a fellow as evor breathed." At this Rothsay showed a set of somewhat dingy teeth in an almost sardonic smile. "I've a good deal of confidence myself," he drawled

intalizingly, "in the moral principle of Peter." "What a rowdy I've got to deal with," silently reflected Frank. But aloud he said with terseness and no little self-restraint: "It all comes to this. I think, Mr. Rothsay: The fence is yours and your cattle break through it. In order to prevent such proceedings either proper repairs should be made or else a new fence built altogether. Which of these two things are you willing to do?"

Pothsay threw back his head and stroked his

chin with a most irritatingly ruminant air. "I'll - er -- consider," he began; "I---" "Please do consider," struck in Frank very sharply. And he arose, hurt and stung to the

quick, passing forth at once from the house. All that day while in town he felt a temptation to drink. It is the fault of our too perfect civilization, perhaps, that comparative trifles will afflict us with an extraordinary discomfort. Frank felt now and then as if a burr were sticking in his mustache and he had been forbidden to comb it out. But he resisted all desires to win forgetfulness of Rothsay's affront.



That same night a new depredation took place in his garden and with more destructive effect than ever before. When the news was brought to Frank he was at breakfast. Adela saw how

"Oh, Frank, don't mind it so much; there's no use." "No use?" he replied. And then he gave a little curt, dry laugh. "Life isn't worth living if we've got to bear such insults as these." He left the breakfast room and went out into his garden. What he saw there made him turn paler yet. Happening to let his eyes stray across the broken fence he perceived Rothsay, who stood in converse with one of his farm

Frank went nearly as close up to the fence as its bars would allow. "Mr. Rothsay," he called.

Either having previously feigned not to see Frank or in trath not having seen him, Roth-say now turned with a cool "Well?" and a slight arrogant flutter of the eyelids.

'I have only this to tell you," rang Frank's next words. "If any of your cattle cross into my land again I will shoot them—and shoot

He walked away, almost fearing to remain

there longer, lest he should quite lose control of his temper; and on Adela's account this would be an event keenly undestrable. He omitted to bear in mind during that same day, however, what an undesirable course it would be to let liquor gain with him the least headway. It is always very easy to

drink in Wall street, if one is so inclined. To the habitual drinker, indeed, abstinence is a difficult ordeal, since he is at every turn assailed by old convivialists who crave his com-Frank narrowly escaped missing his usual

train that afternoon. The moment Adela looked at him she felt that something was wrong. He had of late always drank claret at dinner, and low he drank it more freely than ever. These fresh potations loosened his tongue in an un-wonted way, and set him talking with hot whemence of Rothsay's insolent behavior.

He declared to Adeia that his plans were fully formed. Matthew and himself were to take turns in keeping guard over the vegetable garden all night for the next three weeks. Either of them would be armed with a pistol, and the first head of cattle that showed itself on the Amory grounds should receive a bullet in its brain.

Adela silently shivered as she heard of this resolve. In her weak and over-sensitive state it was cruelty unquestionable for Frank to speak as he did. Still, he was no doubt guiltess of the least really unkind intention. And yet apart from alarming Adela, his conduct wounded her to the core. After dinner he lit a cigar and left her, apparently quite oblivious that she had seated herself on the little piazza, according to custom, and was waiting for his presence there at her side. Adela strove to console herself with the thought that after all it was not half so bad as it might be. True, Frank had evidently drank during the day and those subsequent glasses of claret had not by any means cleared his brain. But now, thank heaven, he was there at D- and not in New York. This evening she would try and persuade him to go to bed early. Then tomorrow morning he would be a changed man, dreadfully sorry and contrite, as he always was after similar follies.

So Adela sat there building her little castle of hope, which Frank suddenly appeared and demolished as though it had been a child's house of cards.

"I'm going over to the hotel for a little while," he said. "Over to the hotel!" repeated Adela, with the color dying out of her face. "Oh, Frank! He looked at her somewhat annoyedly.

shan't be long," he said. "I heard John Traf-ford had come up for the summer and I'd like to see him."

He walked away, puffing his eigar, while Adela watched him with a quick throbbing heart. He had never left her like this before. heart. He had never left her like this below.
Once or twice she was on the verge of flying

gradually it assumed much larger proportions. Directly next door to the Amorys dwelt an elderly man named Rothsay, who had the repute of being extremely wealthy, although this rumor, like all others which concern eccentric personages, may have been partially baseless. Mr. Rothsay had several servants and head with a degree of quiet style in a house thrice the size of Frank's. He rarely went to town, and passed a great deal of his time in the superintendence of a farm that covered about ten acres. He was a large man, with an iron-gray shock of hair, a gaunt shape on which clung clothes that seemed the very extravagance of bad tailoring, and a pair of syes that you saw, when they restlessly its on you, to be a veiled yet fiery hazel. Mr. Rothsay had been represented to Frank as a man of terribly violent temper, but his neighbor seen

became disinclined to admit the truth of any such charge, since whenever they met he found himself treated with a good deal of rough though distinct courtesy.

Yet Frank at length had reason to reverse his face had a bloated look; his his decision. The modest little vegetable garden at the back of his house was separated from a large meadow of Rothey's by only the most insecure of fences. Within this meadow the Rothey's coverage, but the Rothey cover were left ail day to graze.

Decame disinclined to admit the truth of any such the form of any such charge, since whenever they met he found himself treated with a good deal of rough ble to see the drunkenness of Frank. He scarcely bore any resemblance to his former self, and yet the likeness, after all, was unmistakable. His face had a bloated look; his heart toward his little unfortunate son-took the form of a gentle consolation. He became so passionately attached to the child that its not the power.

Frank raised his knotted fist and shook it in

> way, followed by the man whom he had just so hotly addressed. Rothsay caught Frank by the shoulder. Adela gasped as she saw the two men front each other. And then a great horror took hold of her, for she perceived that her husband's

assailant bore a pistol. Frank was reeling; he envisaged Rothsay, and his hands were cleuched. His condition was pitiable; he could hardly stand. He shook off the hand of Rothsay, however, and glared fierce challenge. It was evident that his opponent had also been drinking. "Oh, my God!" thought Adela, "will poo



PEOPLE HUBRIED FROM THE BAR ROOM. Then a report sounded and Frank fell dela gave a wild shriek, rushing forward. People hurried from the bar room. They gathered about her, while she crouched with her husband's bleeding head in her lap.

CHAPTER III.

Frank lingered between life and death for several weeks. They strove to keep Adela from his bedside, but without effect. She insisted upon nursing him. Rothsay was arrested and only permitted to leave prison when it was decided that Frank would undoubtedly recover. He had been ill a month when Adela's child was born. At first his im-mediate recovery had been thought certain, but afterward it was found that Rothsay's malevolent bullet had ploughed deeper than the physicians had supposed. Frank became the victim of a cerebral trouble that threatened his reason and prostrated him for many weary months. Poor Adela was too sick herself to know the exact time at which his Wall street friends bore him from the cottage in D- and

placed him under the care of specialists. For many months Frank lingered at the sanitarium whither he had been brought. Adela suffered tortures of suspense and yearning, but it was not deemed admissible for her to meet him. His malady was of that peculiar and delicate kind which the least emotional flurry would have increased, and perhaps with re-sults promptly fatal. At last, however, his recovery became a matter of complete certainty. The sensitive organism of the brain had finally yielded to medical and surgical treatment. Frank felt like one who has a wakened from a long, drowsy dream. He had never been really nsane; a kind of stapor had veiled actualities for him, and through the departing mist of this prepossession his new interest and joy in life burned out with ardent intensity.

To see Adela again was a delicious experience. met at the sanitarium just before his sanctioned departure. Adela could scarcely speak for her tears. But she found voice enough to answer a few of Frank's questions. "Our child is a boy, theu," he said. "I'm glad of that, Tell me, Adela, does he look

like me or like you?" "Like you, Frank" she answered. "At least I—I think so. I—I am not quite sure."

"Why didn't you bring him with you?"

queried Frank. "I do so with the brought him! Still, I'll see him soon, that
I' He must be old—real old, by this."

"Yes, Frank."

"He can walk, can he not?"

"How sadly you seem to speak of him, Adela!

I hope he's well. You don't mean that he's
feeble or sickly, do you?"

"No." And then Adela barst into a passionate flood of toars, chaping her husband's neck with both arms and bewildering Frank by what appeared to him the most causeless emotion. It was a lovely spring day when Frank came home to the cottage at D—. For some time he and Adela talked together in the old famil-

he and Adels taked together in the old famil-iar sitting room down stairs. Then suddenly Frank remembered the child, "Adels," he exclaimed, "in my happiness at being near you again I've forgotten him."

"Yes—little—Frank—our son. Where is he? Can't I see him? I want to see him so much." Adela slowly rose from her husband's side. Frank rose, too. and stared at her wonderingly because she had grown on a sudden so unac-

countably pale.
"Margaret, the nurse, is—is with little Frank self what her agitation could possibly be caused by. She did not remain away long. On her return he saw that she was trembling and that

her eves glittered with unshed tears.

"Adela!" he exclaimed, and caught her in his arms. "You're suffering, my dear, and I think I can guess why.' She let her head drop against his breast. "No. Frank—no. I'm sure you cannot guess."
"Our little one. Adela——"

She lifted her head and stared into his eager "Yes-well-what of him?-what of little Frank?" "He is deformed—or blind, perhaps."
"Not blind," she said, biting her lips. "Not

blind-no."
"Deformed, then?" As those words were spoken a step sounded in one of the doorways. Frank and Adela both turned. It was the nurse. Margaret, with her charge. Adela at once dismissed her, taking little Frank's hand and leading him toward his

"My God!" faltered Frank, sinking into chair and gazing at the child with borrified "That-that staggering walk, Adela, eyes. what does it mean?" The child in his movements of body, limb and head suggested an almost imbecile state of drunkenness. His face was not misshapen, but



FOR MANY MONTHS PRANK LINGERED.

telligence. The affection was a nervous one and had already provoked the wonder of several medical men. Her night of vigil there on the hotel grounds had dealt to Adela so fright-ful a shock that its results had manifested ful a shock that its results had manifested themselves thus grotesquely and piteously when her child was born.

"Oh, I have suffered so!" she sobbed, kneeling at her husband's feet. "Oh, I have so dreaded this hour, Frank. The truth had to be told you, and yet there seemed such brutality in telling it!"

Frank had begun to realize just how hideous

STAR.



A CERTAIN AGE OF BLESSING. infirmities no longer shocked him. And yet, one day when he heard of a famous physician who had wrought wonderful cures of nervon-

diseases he eager!y sought what helpful change science might effect. The physician at first seemed doubtful of his wn curative powers. But later he consented to attempt a course of treatment which proved drastic and yet was crowned, after three good years, with perfect success.

In this was Frank's bitter punishment turned out to be a more lenient one than he had dreamed of believing it. His boy is now a strong, healthy and clear-minded lad, whose parents never gaze upon him except with either conscious or instinctive gratitude. And yet Adela's thankfulness has always been keener than Frank's. This may scarcely be wondered at. A mother's love is always the hardier, as it is always the holier.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

A Romantic and Emotional Wife and a Practical Husband.

From the New York Times. "Oh. Gregory, it's the very place!" Mr. Gregory Ffrench glanced in the direction ndicated by his wife's exclamation and saw the wide windows, open doors and marble hall

beyond of a fashionable restaurant. "Well?" he said inquiringly. "Well," echoed Mrs. Ffrench with some sarcasm, "how like a man! Why, don't you see it's the very place where we took dinner that summer before we were married. I came on

with mamma, you know, to shop, and you ran down for the last day or two to fetch us home." "I recall all of that, of course." replied Mr. Ffrench, "but this particular restaurant arouses no faintest wave of reminiscences concerning that trip."

"Oh, Gregory!" reproachfully now, "don't you recall we had been down to the seashore, and when we got back mamma was so tired we put her in a cab at the ferry, to go directly to the hotel, while you and I walked across the city to this restaurant and had such a delightful tete-a-tete dinner?" "I remember the sea trip and your mother's unlamented fatigue and the dinner," assented Mr. Ffrench, "but not this place at all. I doubt

if it be the one." "Oh. it's sure to be!" said his wife engerly. "I cannot be mistaken. Do. Gregory, let us go in and renew our emotions of ten years

"With all my heart, my dear," replied her husband. "I may find them inside-the emoions, I mean, not the years." Once within Mrs. Ffrench looked carefully about her. A waiter stepped forward and drew

"Oh, no! not here," she dissented, and she stood for a moment, evidently in deep reflection, before she crossed the room with a certain pretty fussiness of decision to covers laid near a corner window. 'This is the actual spot. I think," she said delightedly, and they sat down. Mr. Ffrench studied the menu, while his wife

unfolded her napkin.
"And now," he said, "what will you have to irs. Ffrench gazed thoughtfully out of the

Mrs. Ffrench gazed though study out of the window a moment before she answered: "I should like it to be the same, but it couldn't have been soft-shell crabs, you know."

Mr. Ffrench looked his perplexity.

"I mean, I want some soft-shell crabs, but I couldn't have ordered them that night, for we and been by the sea all day, and, of course, we had eaten that sort of thing."
"Perhaps you had a steak with mushrooms,"

suggested Mr. Ffrench. "You have always been fond of it."
"Possibly I did. You see, we had been engaged some time." Mr. Ffrench waited.

"Of course, in the first tenderness of confessed love I could never have ordered steak with mushrooms—no woman could—it would have been too—too—solid, you know," and Mrs. Ffrench looked over at her husband as if

she had made everything plain.

Mr. Ffrench hid his want of perception in a swallow of ice water.
"Well," he said, wiping his mustache, "shall

it be a porterhouse tonight?"
"Yes, I believe so, and rare, though I think I now," stammered Adela. "I—I will find her and—and tell her to—to bring him here."

As his wife left the room Frank asked him porterhouse, everything is quite the same. It's the very month, you know—early September—and warm for the season, as it was then, only"—she broke off suddenly—"your clothes were two or three shades lighter."

"How in the world do you recall that?"
"Oh, I remember thinking that after we were married I should advise you to choose somewhat darker goods, which look well longer than light ones."

Mr. Ffrench found himself wondering in a

wague way, as he caught this glimpse of his wife's generalship, if possibly the advising process had extended beyond his clothes, but before he had time to formulate a mental opinion Mrs. Ffrench was speaking again. "But, Gregory," she was saying, "what do you suppose we talked about years and years

"I really don't know-the weather possibly. replied he, somewhat literally, "and, though this is actual, not reminiscent, it looks very much like rain at this moment." "It does, indeed—a thunder storm, too," assented his wife; then, anxiously, "I do hope your sister is afraid of lightning."
"Yes," submitted Mr. I french with a rising

inflection. "Because then she will be sure to close all windows and doors and it is so much safer. I ought to have asked her that"—her tone graw full of care—"oh, dear, it is such a responsi-bility to leave children. I thought I made arrangements for every possible emergency."
"You certainly did," her husband replied,

"so long as your strength and time lasted. You called back directions until we had turned the corner and then you sank back in the carriage breathless. Don't worry; Belle will look after everything, and," he continued, as her face retained its troubled look, "I don't think at that other dinner we discussed my sister or the children, either."

Mrs. Ffrench laughed and the meal went on. They were sipping their coffee, with the waiter lingering at that discreet distance which is compatible in a waiter's mind with a coming eparture, when Mrs. Ffrench had another

departure, when Mrs. Ffrench had another wave of reminiscence.

"I'vo been watching our waiter," she said slowly, "and, do you know, his face becomes more and more familiar. It hardly seems possible—yet ho is not so very young either—and its only ten years ago—I do believe, Gregory," she finished with enthusiasm, "he is the identical man who served us before. I am going to speak with him," and the waiter, who had seen Mrs. Ffrench's look of interest, approached interrogatively:

terrogatively:

"No," said the lady when he was beside her,
"we want nothing more, but have you not been
here some time?" "Ever since I came to this country, madame, was the reply.

Mrs. French glanced triumphantly at her usband. "I thought so," she commented, confidently,

"and that was how long ago?"

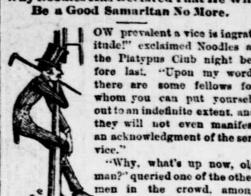
"About the time this place was opened,
madame, almost a year tow. It was a church madame, almost a year now. It was a church before that," he explained, "but it was sold and built over into this cafe."

Mrs. Ffrench did not reply and her husband refrained from glancing at her.

Bhe was still silent when they left the restaurant a few moments later. At the street they were met with a crash of thunder.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Ffrench, clinging to her husband's arm, "I do hope Belle is attaid of lightning," and her husband knew that she had returned to present emotions.

CHAPTER LOTE RVER OFFERED on the Metropolitas Branch. Think of it, 40x190, for only \$125. This is too low, and if not anapped up the owners will surely advance prices. They are worth double the price nated. \$5 cash to Dangahower at the



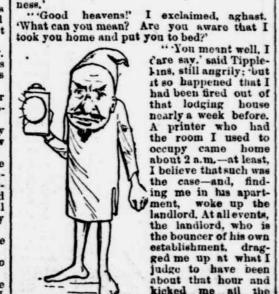
"Til tell you. You know that fellow Tipplekins, of course. He never was in our set, but with travelers of their color, proceeded to eat his own friends have dropped him on account of his drinking habits. I was shocked a fortnight ago to find him living up in a fourthstory bed room, six feet by eight, in a thirdrate lodging house on Pennsylvania avenue. Before he had spent the few thousand dollars be came into when he was twenty-one he used to cut such a dash in the way of good clothes and horses and such things that the contrast was painful. At all events, I found him one night about a week ago on the street unable to walk without assistance. He couldn't say anything intelligible, but I had been invited by him up to his room a week before, where he sat on the bed while I took the only threelegged chair, and so I knew where he hung "So you took him home ch?"

"I regret to sav that I did. It was only two blocks away and I found no difficulty in getting him that far; but the trouble was to get him upstairs. The nour was past midnight and I thought we were in luck to find the front door of the lodging house on the latch. I got him as far as the bottom of the stairs after some preliminary difficulty with the front steps and then came the tug of war. The desirable thing seemed to be to get him up to his room without exciting attention, and to do this I was obliged to push him up one step and pull him up the next for three long flights. He is a rather heavier man than I am, you know, and the job took me fully three-quarters of an hour. By the time I had got him into his room, the location of which I remembered from my previous visit, I was utterly exhausted. Nevertheless, I felt the encouragement of having done a noble and unselfish action, as I laid him out on the bed. lighted the gas, turned it down to a bead, put a pillow under his head and departed, shutting the door behind me. I think that you yourselves will admit my behavior to have been magnanimous, to say the least of it." "Dear boy, you behaved most worthily." said

the other men, as Noodles gazed around him for approval. "So I considered," admitted Noodles, "But when I do a decent thing I rather expect some appreciation of it to be manifested by the

"You mean to say that he never thanked von? "Not only did I not receive any thanks, but the next time I met Tipplekins, which was yes-terday, he seemed indisposed to recognize me. I thought it was an accident and accessed him. saying that I didn't suppose he remembered how he got home the other night, but that it had given me much pleasure to see to his safe

"'Well,' he replied. 'd-n your eyes. I wish that in future you would mind your own busi-"'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, aghast. 'What can you mean? Are you aware that I



convevance.

judge to have been about that hour and kicked me all the way down the three flights of stairs and out vestigates. of the front door into the gutter, where I was compelled to repose for the rest of the night. He was annoyed with me because I had not paid him seven weeks' of the front door into HANGING ON TO THE CORNICE.

rent. You haven't got a dollar you want to lend, have you? No? Well, then, I will bid you good day.'
"And with that," added Noodles, "Tipplekins walked into a gin mill and left me standing on the sidewalk."

"So that's all the thanks you got?" queried Puppsby. "Absolutely, by ged!" replied Noodles dis-gustedly. "And I tell you what it is, fellows, it is the last time I'll ever attempt the good

YOUNG ARISTOCRATS DISGRACED. Scions of Nobility Scored by the Dean of an Oxford College.

From the Churchman. There is excitement and deep indignation in the ranks of the British aristocracy. The dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, has insinuated that it is going down to the lowest abyss of degredation and carrying with it the honor and greatness of England. This severe disciplinarian, annoyed by the frequent cases of intoxication and lewdness reported to him, "called up" some recently arrived Eton collegians, all of whom are sons of lords, baronets, ambassadors and representatives of wealth generally. Said he: "Students of Christ Church-I wish I could also say young gentlemen-the time has come to call you to very serious account. It pains me to receive re-ports that you so behave yourselves within the precincts of this seat of learning—whence have arisen some of England's greatest and noblest men—as to be called a nuisance and disturbers of the common peace. Your brawls and in-discretions scandalize the residents, whose wives and daughters fear you as they would savage animals of the lower order. "You consider that because you are the sons of nobility you are entitled to extravagant liberty, to be distended to vulgar liceuse. You ern climate. The old man drank it all in and

such as you. "You are not content with manly recreation such as your forefathers delighted to enjoy—the pleasures of the field, of the river, of home. You court flercer and disreputable pleasures—drinking to excess in public places, to show your quality, it is said; gambling in gilded par-

your mothers and sisters you would resent as contagious contact. Yet you do not hesitate to place yourselves on a level with them and lay a foundation for degradation which must follow you through life.

"What husbands and fathers of the future! It is such as you who have demoralized tuters and guardians who have toadied to wealth and position for personal benefit. You should be examples to the poor and struggling. You are, I repeat, only a disgrace."

"Gloomy Times Ahead.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Maria," said the capitalist, hoarsely, "do you think you could give up this beautiful home and go and live in a cheap flat?"

"Why, John," exclaimed his wife, trembling with apprehension. "What is the matter?"

Let's destination had been reached he expressed to the stranger the pleasure received from his unexpected company, and handing him a card received one in exchange. The young man had been delighted with his companion, but was now almost dumbfounded when he read in a plain script letter, 'Henry Ward Beecher.' In a little time his speech returned and he begged several thousand pardons for having assumed to instruct the world's greatest pulpit orator, But Mr. Beecher insisted that he had been highly entertained as well as instructed and hoped they would meet again when neither of them would be 'hang-ing onto the cornice of h—l."

"Why, John," exclaimed his wife, trembling with apprehension, "what is the matter?"

The broken man laid a document before her, bowed his head and groaned aloud. It was the bill for the children's new school

Hers?—Mr. Hoffman Howes—"I see some fellah has an abticle in the Fowum entitled, 'Have we Two Bwains or One?' What do you think of that question, Miss Fligh?" Miss Fligh—"Well, really, between you and me I think we have only one."—Puck.



Sambo, don't you think this piece of on is rather large?"

Boss! dat sin't haif big nuff!"—Life.

"I say, Charley, that man over there me be a millionaire."

"No, I guess not. He loss too happy.—Fliegende Blatter.

FROM "THE PLAINS." An Old Mammy and Her Pickaniany

I was recently returning from a business the Platypus Ciub night be- trip up the Midland road when my attention fore last. "Upon my word, was attracted to a couple who boarded the there are some fellows for train at "The Plains," I had roused myself whom you can put yourself from my comfortable position to see if any out to an indefinite extent, and passengers should get on; and my curiosity was they will not even manifest gratified when I saw Capt. Billy Payne, the an acknowledgment of the ser- well-known conductor, assisting an elderly colored woman, laden with parcels which out-"Why, what's up now, old numbered those of Mr. Peter Magnus, to man?" queried one of the other | scramble up the steps. She was followed by a men in the crowd, among small boy, so black that his skin was dull, but whom was a writer for THE with a face intelligent and bright. After considerable difficulty this interesting couple selected the seat in front of me, and, as is usual

Come to Town.

peanuts. At that early hour of the morning' the country looked very lovely, but the conversation of my neighbors distracted my attention from the beauties of nature. "Mammy," said the small boy, with his

mouth full of peanuts, "what make dis yer train go?" "Somethin' pull it, chile," she said, and complacently smoothed a wrinkle out of the bandanna handkerchief she carried by the exact "Mammy, what pull it?" Her expression

changed from thoughtful to severe as she replied: "It is de Lord's will for dis yer train to go, an' it go. Doan you be questerfyin' of what de Lord see fit to do, You cat dem peanuts." As the peanuts had all vanished the small boy was unable to obey this command, but he subsided temporarily and I settled myself for a

"Alexandria!" shouted the conductor, as the train slacked, and I expected my friends to leave me, but they evidently had no idea of it. Turning around to me the old woman said: "Mister, kin you tell me how fur it is to Washin'ton?"

"Seven miles." I answered. "Ain't we goin' to Washington, mammy?"

And when we arrived there I helped her out with her numerous bundles and bade her adieu.

That afternoon as I was on my way home from the office I saw the same couple, with all the bundles and some more peanuts, on the avenue, not far from the White House, and overheard a fragment of their conversation.
"Yes, honey; dis is a good house; dis is the Presden's house, so dey tell me, and he is a

good Presden." "How you know dat?" "Case he's a 'publican, and de 'publicans is de frends ob culled folks. Why, nigger, dis yer Presden am such a good fren and such a good 'publican you might almost take him for culled pusson. He ain't no low demo-'Fo' Gaud!" she cried, and I involuntarily turned to see the cause of this emphatic ejaculation. She was pointing her finger in astonishment at a stylish little turnout going down the avenue

driven by a very pretty girl—the footman seated behind her. "Fo' de Laud! Look at dat! Chile, I hearn tell o' uppish niggers—niggers what thinks they's got book learnin' like white folks—but I never 'spected to live to see dat black nigger a settin' in a kerrige an' a sweet young white lady for his coachman! De Laud have mercy on her. Why my old mars'er would turn in his grave if he suspicioned anything like

I smiled and passed on by, leaving her shak-ing her head over such a state of affairs. AT THE CIRCUS.

I saw them once more. It was at the circus, care say, said Tipple- They were eating peanuts as usual. The boy was delighted with the horses and seemed carried away with the riding of a certain young person gauzily attired. "Ain't dat gran', mammy?" he said, just as

my own boys clapped their hands with delight.
"Yes, honey, dis is a 'markable place. I don't the room I used to know as I likes de way dem ladies dress, but don't dress dat way at de Plains. And now come forth the great juggler, who could do all manner of things, and in answer to the repeated inquiry of "how kin dat gemman do dat" came the reply, "The Lord 'nable

Finally a letter from the pocket of a man in the audience was given the performer. This letter he read, word for word, through three lankets.
The old lady watched him with increasing

indignation.
"Mammy, dat man got good eyes," "Yes, honey," she said, rising and gathering her skirts around her with dignified wrath, "he have dat, and I'se gwine. I'se gwine. Come on chile. Dis ain't no place for us. I'se

gine in the Northwest.

"Ten or twelve years ago, in '78 or '79, oung man, who had braved the cyclones and refrigerated climate of the northwest for something over thirty seasons, was serving in the capacity of paymaster for the construction hands on a new railroad line in northern Minnesota," said a western M. C. to a STAR re porter. "In passing over the road it was often ais daring habit to sit on the cow-catcher and get the first breath as the train bounded along around curves, through cuts and over the trestles of deep ravines. His life was insured to cover all accidents for the benefit of his family, and little did he seem to care whether t was long drawn out or suddenly cut short. His animal spirits were at full play and it was life enough to live. One day as he was riding along in that manner his engine stopped at a junction and an elderly gentleman of rotund form, smooth, kindly face, broad-brimmed hat and linen duster, climbed off a train that had just arrived and coming to the young pay-master inquired if there was not room in front for two. 'It's like hanging onto the cornice of h—l' was the re-ply, 'but if you like the job there's always room for one more.' We may all need little practice of that and with your consent I'll take a turn at it now,' responded the elderly man in a merry tone and manner that betrayed at once a witty and cultured mind. He was quickly seated, for the engine was ready to pull out, and soon with their inner arms locked together and clinging to the iron borse with their other hands they were galloping away, the crisp autumn air whistling about them in their flight. The scenery there is rug-ged, and at that season of the year the foliage of the woods has a beauty unknown in a southare laboring under the delusion from which by questioning his companion, who had dwelt you may have a very rude awakening. This so long among those western wilds, gathered a college is not intended for well-born dunces rich store of information. In turn he told of trips over the Alps in language and manner so entertaining as to awaken in his young comrade-in-arms a very profound admiration. 'Sure thing the old gent's no slouch or tenderfoot,' he mused to himself as they sped along. For twenty or thirty miles they rode in that man-ner, the while busied in conversation, till their lors, to show how wealthy you are; following after women whose presence by the side of your mothers and sisters you would resent as ter's destination had been reached he ex-

> A Reed Bird Pot Pie. From the New York Sun.
>
> Ex-Gov. Bunn of Idaho is a Philadelphian

and is the present editor of the Sunday Transcript of that city. Besides being a wit of the Clover Club he is a gourmet of note and is famous as the inventor of a novel form of reed bird pot pie. He has it made in a deep pan, lined bottom and sides with a light crust. Into this he puts two tender young chickens, two dozen fat reed birds, two dozen frogs' legs, one dozen fat reed birds, two dozen frogs' legs, one dozen small clams and a few pieces of fresh bacon chopped fine, with potatoes and small onions, all spiced well with black pepper and salt. Of course the chickens and potatoes are parboiled. The pot pie has just enough water in it to cook and blend its ingredients. The dish is cooked alowly, just permitted to simmer, in fact, until it is done. Just before it is done it is taken out of the oven and its top covered with a light flakey crust. Then it is replaced in the oven until the top srust is a light brown. Served with plenty of champagne to wash it down, a reed bird pot pie of this kind is dainty enough for all the kings in Christendom.

RAILROADS. THE SAPEAKE AND OHIO BAILWAY

Schedule in Effect May 18.

Trains leave Union Depot, 6th and B streets 10:57
a.m. for Newport News, Old Point Comfort and
Norfolk daily. Arrive at Old Point at 6:10 p.m.
and Norfolk at 6:40 p.m.
11:24 a.m., Cincinnent Express daily for stations in
Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Cincinnali,
Vestibuse Sicepers through without change to Cincinnati, arriving at 7:35 a.m.
11:10 p.m., F. F. V. Vestibule Limited, daily, Solid
trains, with during cars, run through without
change to Cincinnati. Vestibule Siceper for Lexington and Louisville. Fullman Cars are open to
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Office: 513 Feunsylvania avenue.

General Passenger Agent.

a.m. shd 2:00 pcm. from Pittsburg 7:10 a.m., 5:50 p.m. daily.

New YORK AND PHILADELPHIA DIVISION.
For New York, Prenton, Newark, N.J., and Elizabeth,
N.J., *4:00, 18:00, *15:00, *12:00 a.m., *2:00,
4:00 and *10:30 p.m. Baffet Parior Care on all
day trains. Sheeping Car on the 10:30 p.m. open
at 0:00 p.m.
For Piniadelphia, *4:05, *8:00, *10:00, *12:00 noon,
2:00, *4:00, *6:15 and *10:30 p.m.
For Newark, Del., Wilmington and Chester, *4:05,
48:90 a.m., *12:00 noon, *2:50, *4:50, *6:15, and
10:30 p.m.
For intermediate points between Baltimore and
Philadelphia, *10:00 and \$7:20 s.m., *12:50, *4:20 p.m. P.m. Trains leave New York for Washington, '9:00 11:30 a.m. '2:00, '3:20, '5:00 p.m. and '12:11 Trains leave Philadelphia for Washington, 4:24, 8:15, 9:15, 11:35 a.m., 11:40, 4:31, 5:56 8:15, '9:15, '11:35 a.m., '11:40, '4:31, '5:50 For Boston '2:50 p.m., with Pullman Buffet Sleep-

ing car running through to Boston without chang via Pottchace; sie brance, landing passengers in B. und M. station of tracker. via Ponchace; sie Bringe, landing passengers in B. una M. station at hoston.

For Atlantic City, 4:05 and 10 am., 12:00 noon.

Sundays, 4:05 a.m., 12 noon and 10:30 p.m.

†Except Sunday. 'Daily. (Sunday only.)

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CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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of Fullman Vestibule Cars at 10:50 a.m. daily:
Fast Line, 10:50 a.m. daily to Chicago, Columbus;
and St. Louis, with Sleeping Cars from Harrisburg to Indianapoils, Tritiburg to Columbus;
Autoons to Chicago, St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati Express, 3:30p.m. daily. Farior Car Washington to Harrisburg, and Sleeping Cars Harrisburg to St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati, and
Luning Car Harrisburg to St. Louis, Chicago and
Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and Chicago and St.
Louis, connecting daily at Harrisburg with through
Sleepers for Louisville and Memphis. Putingan
dining car Putt-burg to Inchimond and Chicago.
Facilic Express, 10:00 p.m. daily, for Pittsburg and
the West, with through Sleeper to Pittsburg and
Pittsburg to Chicago.

BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAHLROAD.
For Kane, Canandairus, tochester and Magara Falle
daily, except Sanday, 8:10 a.m.

For kane, Canandaisus, hochester and Magara Falls daily, except Sunday, 8:10 a.m.

For Erie, Canandaisus and mochester daily; for Baffaio and Magara daily, except Saturday, 10:00 p.m., with Sleeping Car Washington to Rochester.

For Williamsport, Lock Haven and Elimina at 10:304, p.m., daily, except Saturday, 10:00 p.m., p.m., daily, except Saturday, 10:00 p.m., p.m., daily, except Saturday, 10:00 p.m., p.m., p.m., daily, except Saturday, 10:00 p.m., p

m. daily, except Sunday. For williamsport daily, 3:30 r.m. 7:20, 9:00, 11:00 and 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 3:15, 4:20, 5:40, 10:00 and 11:20 p.m. On Sundar, 5:00, 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 3:15, 4:20, 10:00 and 11:20 p.m. Limited Express of Pullham Period Cars, 9:40 am, daily, cacept Sunday, for New York only Limited Express with Dining Car5 :00 a.m. daily.

FOR PHILADELP IA ONLY FOR PHILADELP IA ONLY.

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For Atlantic City, 11:40 a.m. week days, 11:20 p.m. daily.

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For Pope's Creek Line, 7:20 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

For Antapolis, 7:20 and 9:00 a.m., 12:05 and 4:20 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

Sundays, except Sunday. Sundays, 5:00 a.m. and 4:20 p.m.

For Annapolis, 7:20 and 9:00 a.m., 12:05 and 4:20 p.m. daily, except Sunday. Sundays 5:00 a.m. and 4:20 p.m. WASHINGTON SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

IN EFFECT MAY 11, 18:00.

For Alexandria, 4:30, 6:35, 7:45, 8:40, 9:43, 10:57 a.m., 12:04 noon, 2:05, 3:30, 4:25, 4:55, 6:05, 8:32, 10:05 a.m. 12:39 p.m. on Sunday at 4:30, 7:45, 9:45, 10:05 a.m., 2:30, 6:01, 8:02 and 10:35 p.m.

Accommodation for Quantico, 7:45 a.m. and 4:55 p.m. week days; 7:45 a.m. Sundays.

For inchmond and the south, 4:30 and 10:57 a.m. daily. Accommodation, 4:55 p.m. week days.

Tiskins leave Alexandria for Washington, 0:05, 7:03, 8:00, 9:10, 10:15, 11:07 a.m.; 1:20, 3:00, 5:30, 5:10, 6:05, 7:05, 9:20, 10:37 and 11:08 p.m. on Sunday at 9:10s for 11:07 a.m.; 1:20, 3:00, 5:30, 7:29, 9:20 and 10:37 p.m.

Tickets and importanton at the office, northeasteoner 13th st. and Franceylvania avenue, and at the station, where orders can be left for the checking of bargage to destination from hotels and residences. CHAS, E. FUGH.

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RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD CO.
Schedule in effect JULY 13, 1890.
S:50 a.m.—East Tennessee Mail, daily for Warrenton, Gordonsville, charlottesville, Lynchburg and Nations between Alexandria and Lynchburg Econoce, Atlanta Bristol, Knoxville, Chattancora and Memohia.

oke, Atlanta, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattaneora and Memphis.

11:24 a.m.—Fast Mail daily for Culpepor, Charlottesville, Stations Chesapeake and Ohio Rome, Lynchburg, Rocky Mount, Danville and Stations between Lynchburg and Danville, Greensboro', Raieigh, Asheville, Charlotte, Cotumbia, Augusta, Atlanta, Barmingham, Montgomery, New Orleans, Teras and California. Pullman Sleepers New York to Atlanta and Pullman Sleepers Hanna to New Orleans, Pullman Sleepers Panville to Columbia and Augusta, Pullman Sleepers Washington to Cincinnati via C. and Q. Route.

3:40 p.m.—Daily, except Sunday, for Manassa, Strasburg and Intermediate Stations.

3:40 p.m.-Daily, except Sunday, for Manassa, Strasburg and intermediate stations.

4:35 p.m.-Daily via Lynchburg, Bristol and Chattanooga. Puliman Vestibnic Sleepers Washington to Memphis, connecting thence for all Arkansas points.

11:10 p.m.-Western Express daily for Manassa, Charlottesville. Staunton, Louisville, Cincinnati, Puliman Vestibule Train Washington to Cincinnati, with a Pullman Sleeper for Louisville.

11:00 p.m.-Southern Express daily for Lynchburg, Danville, Raleich, Asheville, Charlotte, Columbia, Augusta, Atlanta, Montgomery, New Orleans, Texas and California. Pullman Vestibule Car Washington to New Orleans via Atlanta and Montgomery. Pullman Sleeper Washington to Brirmingham, Ala., via Atlanta

Ticketa, sleeping car reservation and informatic furnished and magrage checked at office, 1300 Pent sylvania ave., and at passenger station, Pennsylvani railroad, 6th and B sta. my10 JAS. L. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. Agent. OCEAN STEAMERS.

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